



~Yellow Poison~

Written by @MeeyersPrezz (aka Mia (aka MEEEEEE))

The incident started like any other day. Match was sitting in the corner of her giant bunker where her computer was. Match logged onto pictochat, a popular messaging site on the Nintendo PC. Match was ready to start messaging her best friends, but something seemed off today.

"Uh... that's like, kinda odd. Why is nobody online?" Match raised her eyebrow. She searched back and forth the site for any activity.

'Maybe it's because they have to do stuff irl?' Match thought to herself.

'PFFF. Yeah right. As if anybody has an actual life these days lol.'

Match rolled her eyes and logged on to Miiverse.

Again, not a single soul was online on that site either.

Match groaned, "UGH. This is, like, horrible! I have nobody I can talk to!"

Before Match was about to go into incognito mode for "scientific purposes" she received a notification message on Miiverse. Match gasped and immediately checked the message.

The message was from an anonymous account.

The message said, "Your best friend is having a lot of fun *outside*."

Match furrowed her brow. She started typing back at the anonymous messenger.

"Outside? Yeah, like, right. Pencil knows much better than that." Match sent.

The messenger sent an image that made Match's wooden skin crawl.

The image was of Pencil putting on a fake smile. She was actually outside, a place that she vowed to never go to. And in her delicate black hands, a flask of a yellow poison was held.

A bead of sweat went down Match's face. She typed back at the anonymous messenger with great force on each key.

"YOU BASTARD. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH PENCIL?!"

"I hope you will join your friend too." the messenger sent back. He also sent a smiley face to taunt her.

Match shut off her computer and ripped it from the outlets. She smashed her PC on the ground.

"The... the outsiders... They kidnapped my Pencil!" Match panted. She paced frantically around her base.

"I think they're going to, like... POISON her with that yellow liquid they forced in her hands." Match bit on her fingernails.

"I gotta see what's going on up there..."

Match walked over to her spying binoculars. She uses it to spy on the folks on the plaza when she's too lazy to go outside. Her binoculars were blue and it had goofy eyes on them.

"OH MY WOODSICLES!" Match screeched. To her horrifying discovery, Match found crowds of smiling people with the same yellow poison that Pencil had in the photo that the kidnapper sent her.

"All my friends and not so friends! They're being controlled by that POISON!" Match continued looking around. Match was already tense, but she saw something that made Match ten times more horrible than she already felt.

Her best friend, Pencil, was dead on a bench. An empty glass nearby her.

Match's heart was pounding against her wooden chest. Tears poured out of her eyes. Seeing her best friend committing not alive while the crowd of minions did not even acknowledge her body broke something inside of Match.

"This is unacceptable. ABSOLUTELY UNACCEPTABLE. I need to get up there AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS." Match said.

Match grabbed onto her shovel and walked over to the door of her bunker. Match shivered. Going outside was her biggest nightmare. But Match pushed aside her fear so she could lay her bestie's body to rest.

The clean air was extremely uncomfortable to breathe in after being inside for hours. The spring pollen made Match's allergies go insane. The grass was hard to walk on and the sound of people talking gave Match a headache. Match was already anxious as all hell, the conditions of being outside didn't exactly help at all.

"Hoi Match, what's happening?" Match heard an annoying voice speak to her.

"Ugh, what?" Match turned her head to see her other friend Bubble. Bubble looked back at Match with her innocent black eyes. Match was scowling, her face was turning red and stained with her tears.

"It's been a while hasn't it?" Bubble smiled. "You're always online, I forget that you live around here."

"Yeah, yeah... Where is Pencil?" Match glared at her friend. Bubble frowned a bit. Bubble knew that she always liked Pencil more than her, but it seemed like Match didn't even want to talk to her.

"Oh uh... I was talking with her a while ago..." Bubble said, a bit more quietly this time.

"Tell me where she is! I NEED to know!." Match was quickly getting more upset. Bubble looked at her best friend with a concerned look.

"I... I don't remember. I'm sorry, Match..." Bubble looked away from the matchstick.

Match sighed, "It's alright Bubble..."

An uncomfortable silence grew between the two friends. They both refused to make eye contact.

"Anyways, have you been up to date on what's been hoippening recently?" Bubble hesitantly tried to start another conversation.

"I know... It's sick. It's disgusting." Match said, her voice was weak, she was trying not to cry. Bubble looked confused.

"Someone's been selling these roilly cool drinks in the plaza lately. I tried it, and they are so deelish!" Bubble laughed sheepishly. She showed Match what she was holding.

Match's eyes widened. A glass of the familiar yellow poison Match saw everywhere.

"No fucking way..." Match's voice became weak "Not you too, Bubble..."

"Uhh... Match?" Bubble said, worried. Match held her shovel with her two hands.

"I won't let you suffer any longer, Bubble." Match said. She swung her shovel at Bubble's face, popping her, and making her drop the glass. Match carefully picked it up, she absolutely didn't want to get the mixture anywhere on her body. Match walked over to a nearby tree and poured out the liquid on it.

"MATCH WHAT THE FUCK???" Tree yelled at the matchstick. Match didn't pay Tree any mind. Match was on another mission to find her best friend.

Match looked around and found Pencil still on the bench where she first found her. Nobody even bothered to move her body anywhere.

Match gave Pencil a moment of (gay) silence. She quietly sniffled and wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Oh Pencil. My dear friend. My BESTEST friend. I shall put you to rest along with Bubble..." Match whispered.

Match used her shovel to start digging into the ground. After Match made a hole longer and deep enough to fit Pencil inside. Match picked up her lifeless body from the bench and rest it inside the hole. Match took her time shoveling the dirt back inside the hole. As soon as she finished, she rest on her knees and prayed to her friend.

"Dear Pencil, Dear Bubble... my true allies. I wish to join you two in the afterlife. Without you two, life is meaningless." Match sniffled between her words.

"But a deed like this must not go unpunished." Match slowly became more and more angry in her words.

"I will find the monster who poisoned you two and everybody else. And whoever they are... I will kill them, no matter what." Match vowed.

"After I've avenged you two, may my soul rest in peace with you both. Goodbye Bubble... Goodbye Pencil... I love you."

~THE BAZINGANING~

Written by [WafflePoundCake](#) (aka Cam)

It was a beautiful day outside, birds were singing, flowers were blooming, and Blocky was taking a piss on a bush. Everyone was chatting and laughing and having an all around good time. In the corner of the plaza, there layed a poorly crafted wooden table with a *mysterious* yellow liquid on it and a sign labelled "Gamer Girl Pee" on the front. Situated at the table was a bright orange figure whose beauty was just radiating that went by the name of "Firey". Firey was having another successful day at selling his Gamer Girl Pee™ branded lemonade.

"What a successful day of business that was" Firey claimed arrogantly.

Before Firey could completely pack up his stuff for the day, a mysterious hunk of a man appeared from a portal of some sort and strolled up to the front counter. His copper brown hair shined brightly in the sun and he was at least twice as tall as Firey.

They stood there completely silent for what felt like hours until the unknown entity broke the silence and said, "Greetings there, what a high concentration of kinetic energy you have there"

Firey just stood there with a quizzical look on his face, having no clue what the stranger just said. All he could muster was a simple "what?"

"Oh, I should have introduced myself" said the ethereal being, "My name is Sheldon Cooper from the *Big Bang Theory*". "I was trying to solve the latest mystery in quantum physics when I accidentally created millions of portals leading to different universes like this one here" said Sheldon Cooper from the *Big Bang Theory*, "Might I say, this universe is very interesting. I've never seen talking inanimate objects

before".

"Is that some sort of joke?" Queried the flame.

"Did you hear me say 'bazinga'?" Responded Sheldon Cooper from the *Big Bang Theory* in a rhetorical manner, "I am just one who likes to share my accomplishments with the world... Or well, I guess the multiverse in this case"

Again, there was complete and utter silence. No one spoke a word until Firey awkwardly asked, "S-So... While you are here, would you l-like a glass of some nice refreshing lemonade?"

Sheldon Cooper from the *Big Bang Theory* thought about this question long and hard until he responded with a, "Sure thing. All this universe travelling has made me parched"

With that said, they exchanged goods and currency and Sheldon Cooper from the *Big Bang Theory* drank all of his yellow drink, placing the now empty cup onto the wooden table. "My, that sure was refreshing. Thank you for the drink," said Sheldon Cooper from the *Big Bang Theory* graciously, "Well, I should get going. I need to find the Marvel Cinematic Universe™ and get all the Avenger's autographs before Leonard takes my spot on the couch".

And with asked, the handsome mastermind went off into the portal which he once came from, leaving Firey alone at his stand to contemplate what just happened.

"Portals... In a world with berries that can turn you metal and liquids that can make you twinkle, I never thought portals were actually real, especially those leading to different universes," thought Firey, "Though when I come to think about it, this could be an excellent business opportunity. I could boost my sales by selling my drink to a greater audience, and soon, the whole multiverse will have heard of 'Firey's Gamer Girl Pee™ Branded Lemonade!!!"

It was a perfect plan that had no way at all of backfiring. However, he couldn't just leave all his friends without anything to drink. Slowly losing all potential hope in his plan, a light bulb appeared over his

head, like in the cartoons.

"I know exactly what I need to do!" exclaim Firey.

Meanwhile at the opposite corner of the plaza, Gelatin and Puffball were trying to construct an abstract looking pyramid completely out of forks. Suddenly, a voice started to call out from the distance, yelling Gelatin's name over and over again. It started getting louder and louder until eventually, the source of the voice was apparent. It was Firey, and he looked like he had something he needed to say. However, he was not looking where he was going and he eventually ran right into the fork tower, causing Firey to fall back down to the ground, with forks upon forks toppling on top of him.

"Whoops, sorry about that," Firey said as he brushed all the four pronged swords off of him.

"Hey, it's fine, you only made the last 15 hours a complete waste of time," replied Gelatin, "Anyways, whaddya need?"

"Well you see here, I just was given an excellent business opportunity, but I can't just leave my stand unattended," stated Firey, "Could you possibly watch my stand while I'm gone?"

"Yeah, sure thing, " Gelatin replied in a somewhat pissed off tone, "Let me just clean up these forks that I spent the last **15 HOURS** stacking first".

"That's great Gelatin, my good ol' buddy ol' pal," said Firey in an upbeat voice, "I'll leave you to it. See you soon!!"

And with that, Firey grabbed his pitcher of lemonade, cups, and ingredients, and went off in search for one of those portals that Sheldon Cooper from the *Big Bang Theory* was talking about. However, unbeknownst to him, someone was watching him...

~A NEW FOE HAS APPEARED!~

First Part written by [Mommy_Kermit](#) (aka Kermit) and Second
Written by [axolotl17](#) (aka Ashton)

Firey had been looking for another portal for awhile yet, searching far and wide for them, despite only going in about 5 laps around the area. The flame sighed, frustrated that he had not been able to find a new portal just yet, though, he wasn't going to give up for now. He pushed onwards, hoisting up his lemonade and the things he needed for it onto his semi-non-existent shoulders.

As the flame walked in another few circles, he noticed something strange. There happened to be less objects around the area where he sold his lemonade than usual. "That's weird.." He muttered, narrowing his eyes as he looked around before continuing onward. Soon enough, Firey stubbed his non-existent toe on something. "AGH! FUCK!" He exclaimed, grabbing his leg and scattering the things he was holding. "Tree, did your dick fall off again?!" He screeched, hoping his voice would reach Tree, despite him being nowhere in sight.

Firey swiped up what he stubbed his toe on, immediately regretting it as he remembered it could possibly be Tree's dick. "No homo.." He said through his teeth, just in case. Firey looked at the object, sighing in relief as it was not wooden, nor was it small. He studied the object, his eyes widening as he realized it was a can of something. "What the fuck.. This isn't my lemonade!" He exclaimed, furiously opening the can and looking inside.

"Wait.. is this.. What is this?" Firey looked confused, for he was a virgin and had never seen coochie before. He put a finger inside, tasting what was inside. "Tastes.. Yeasty." He murmured to himself, then looking at the front of the can. ".. Canned Coochie.. Made by the Krabsty Krust.." He threw the can into some conveniently nearby

water, watching it splash into it whilst balling his fists. "I MUST FIND THIS 'KRABSTY KRUST'! THEY WILL NOT GET AWAY WITH THIS!" He growled, grabbing up his supplies and rushing forward.

The flame followed a trail of Canned Coochie cans, noticing that they got more empty as he went forward, so he pressed on until he saw it. A portal. Firey grinned, grabbing a can and crumpling it in his fist. "Hehehe.. Canned Coochie will be no more when I'm done with it.." He growled through his teeth, quickly heading into the portal to confront the Krabsty Krust.

Bushes rustled soon after as Match came out, narrowing her eyes. "There he is, my fifth suspect.." She crossed her arms, staring into the portal. She had been following Firey, trying to see if he had killed anyone. *Like he must've done with Pencil.* She looked back, making sure nobody was following her as well, before heading through the portal after Firey.

As soon as Firey arrived into the source of the portal, by all logic, he should've been put out, but he wasn't. He looked around and spotted what looked to be an upside-down crab trap. The flame squinted at the sign that stood by it, sure enough, it said "The Krabsty Krust". Firey grinned, then heading towards the trap, opening the doors and walking in. As soon as he got in, he noticed that all of the inhabitants were his friends, specifically, all of the ones that were not seen today. Firey nearly dropped his supplies as he wore a look of shock on his face.

Firey then shook his head, anger lighting up in his eyes. "I CAN'T LET THIS GO ON ANY LONGER!" He yelled, pushing through the objects in his way and stopping right in front of the boat that made up the ordering spot. He stared at the beautiful creature in front of him, crossing his arms as he growled at the creature. "I would like to speak to your manager!" He snarled.

The creature stared back, then opening its mouth.
"BFJSDBHSKDFVNDFXC�Knjb

fdcvhnNBFHNBDF." It murmured, raising it's claw. Firey raised an eyebrow. "Ah, so *you're* the manager." He muttered. He then slammed

his ball hands onto the rim of the boat. "I'm gonna ask you passive-aggressively, STOP SELLING YOUR 'CANNED COOCHIE' SHIT!" He yelled right into the creature's face, though the creature seemed unphased.

"fgkLJDFLDFV VJnjvfm." The creature said. Firey squinted. "So you're 'Eugene Krabs'. I see." the flame saw that just yelling at Mr.Krabs wasn't gonna get him to stop selling Canned Coochie, so he took the next best option..

Firey pulled out a gun and aimed it at Mr.Krabs. "ALRIGHT, NOW STOP SELLING CANNED COOCHIE OR I'LL SHOOT!" he screeched. Mr.Krabs only blinked in response.

"Alright, you asked for it!"

Unfortunately, Mr. Krabs was unaware that Firey graduated top of his class in the Navy Seals and was involved in numerous secret raids against Al-Qaeda with 300 confirmed kills. Mr. Krabs was about to be #301 as Firey began to use gorilla warfare and by gorilla warfare I mean shooting himself in the head to set the bullets on fire and add more insult to injury. However, the Cans of Coochie that Mr. Krabs had was enough to resist the bullets from being fatal to Eugene.



"Firey, me boi, ye know ye cannot kill me. I just come back stronger than ever. AGAGAGAGAGAGH!!!!"

Mr. Krabs was right, his dummy thiccness prevented him from being slain by a mortal such as Firey, no matter how trained he is.

Firey slowly unloaded his bullets from his gun, and replaced them

with a strange capsule. It wasn't Gamer Girl Pee, but once the gun was cocked, the universe started to glitch out.

"Bazinga," Firey said with a grimace of utter seriousness. The capsule was fired at the ground, splitting like a shotgun shell into numerous portals to different worlds. While Mr. Krabs couldn't be killed, he could at least be exiled. One portal underneath his feet had brought him away for a long time. Another absorbed Cloudy trying to go through portals. One brought Firey a Maractus. Firey was infatuated by its cuteness and took it as his own.

"You, my friend, shall be the mascot for my Gamer Girl Pee stand!!" Firey announced.

"Maractus!!!"

Meanwhile in 1950s Spain...

Generalissimo Francisco Franco had just finished a speech to the Spanish people when all of a sudden, a portal opened far above his palace. Suddenly, Mr. Krabs crashed through

the ceiling due to him being dummy thick. "¿Quién diablos eres?" the Spanish fascist asked? Mr. Krabs, realizing he had a spare canister of coochie on him, got up and extended his arm to Franco.

"Coochie?"

To be continued....

~Watch For Rolling Rocks in 0x A Presses~

Written by [CrispyRai](#) (Aka Crispeh)

Firey glanced down at his newly acquired Maractus, which was now standing in front of the lemonade stand, with extremely strong vibes.

Man... thought Firey. I wish I could vibe that hard.

Firey leaned onto the lemonade stand, careful not to touch it with his body, as to not burn the wood. There hadn't been any customers for the past few minutes.

"Gee, it sure is boring around here," said Firey.

As if on cue, Firey heard a noise. It was coming from his phone, so he pulled it out from God knows where, and looked at his notifications.

He had received a text message from an unknown number, that read "i know where u live ;)"

Firey replied "haha wow omg come over im kinda wet ;)"

After a couple seconds, the unknown, mysterious messenger responded "wtf dude no you aren't, you're fucking made of fire dumbass."

Firey hastily texted back, "oh, right. Anyways what do you want"

The person who sent these unsolicited messages who is mysterious and you should wonder who it is sent back "well there's this place where i accidentally dropped my canned coochie--" Firey recoiled for a second, before continuing to read. "--i want you to get it back for me because EW i dont wanna go down there it's basically a toilet lol

hold on i'll send a pic i got through the portal it fell in."



Firey thought about it for a second. Because of his IQ higher than 0.5, he deduced that this stranger wanted him to go in a disgusting cave-ish place to get them something he hates (because of market forces). Yeah, of course he'd do it. But only on one condition.

"give me a dollar and I'll do it," he texted.

"yeah ok" was the response.

Firey grinned. He just made a RAD DEAL bro. A whole dollar?!? That could REALLY advance him ahead of the competitors, he could get like a whole lemon for squeezing.

But first, he needed to clear something up. Where was he going to find a portal that led to this "Hazy Mazy Cavey" or whatever it was?

Conveniently, a portal opened nearby where he was standing. It was uncomfortably close to his lemonade stand, only 20 or so yards away, so he figured he'd move his stand like a couple inches later. Firey reached for the portal, and then felt something bite his other arm, which caused him to lose balance and fall in the portal.

Firey landed on the ground, within a room with two hallways. Spiders that were abnormally large (and I mean REALLY big) crawled around the area. He stood up to his feet. His Maractus had landed

near him.

He sighed. "Don't bite me like that again... but at least I'm where I want to be, I think."

Firey took another look around. He saw a map on the wall.



He looked at the map uncomfortably. "This place is huge... that Canned Coochie could be anywhere..." he took a deep breath. "But... it's all for the dollar." He beckoned his Maractus, and together they started going down the left path, ignoring the spiders.

Soon, they found their first pitstop. A large chasm.

"Oh no... my biggest fear... heights... I can't jump for shit!!" luckily, he had an idea. He backed up, and took a running start from the start of the area, then he slid over the chasm. "WOW IT'S AWFULLY CONVENIENT THAT THIS WORKED HUH?" The Maractus seemed to agree, and it then followed over the chasm.

Through the door, there was a huge room that followed, with a bottomless pit in the middle. Firey carefully made his way around it, paying no attention to the spiders chasing him.

Lastly, there were rolling rocks, which rolled down into the bottomless pit. Firey knew that if one of these rocks crushed him, he'd probably die. However, he saw something in the corner of his eye. Past the rolling rocks, in the corner up on a cliff, a glimmer... from Canned Coochie.

He avoided and watched for the rolling rocks and made his way to the cliff. With his ability to jump, there was no way he could possibly jump up that high, to get to the canned coochie. So, he thought for 12 months.

"I have an idea!!" He exclaimed, as he had an idea. "To get up there, I need to use these spiders!!"

The spiders had come, angry that they were repeatedly being called spiders.

Firey shook nervously. "Woah woah woah, no need to cause some kind of spider jamboree." With his intellectual thinking skills, he stacked the spiders on top of each other, climbed onto the Maractus, and from there climbed onto the spiders. Perfect. Just enough height to get up onto the cliff. He climbed up, and the Maractus jumped up there with him.

"You could jump up there the whole time, couldn't you?" The Maractus nodded.

Firey sighed, and picked up the Canned Coochie. He saw the portal it originally fell through, and went through that.

"Yes!! I did it!!! I collected the Canned Coochie!!! Now I just need to give it to the guy who sent me, who is mysterious, and I can receive my payment!!"

He heard a cough. "I'm uh... right here," said a voice.

Firey turned around, seeing for the first time who the mysterious voice was.

It was.....